

No.12

TEN
CENTS

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION
IND

BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUG.
SEPT.

WAR
SAVINGS BONDS
AND STAMPS
KEEP 'EM
ROLLING!



ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

*Editorial Advisory Board
of the*

**SUPERMAN DC
COMIC MAGAZINES:**

JOSETTE FRANK

Staff Advisor,
Children's Book Committee,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLCAN
Department of English Literature,
New York University

RUTH EASTWOOD PERL, Ph.D.
Associate Member,
American Psychological Association

DR. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University
Com. **GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.**
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation
and Member, Board of Directors,
Catholic Youth Organization

**The following magazines
all bear this trademark
as your guarantee of the
best in comic
reading.**



MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)
ALL-FLASH
ALL-STAR COMICS
BATMAN
SUPERMAN

QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

— and MUTT & JEFF
(Issued twice a year)

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



KIT CARSON: TRAIL BLAZER AND SCOUT

By SHANNON ZARST

Illustrated by HARRY DAUGHERTY

The story of Kit Carson's life is a long and astonishing series of adventures. From that fateful day when Kit, only sixteen, and small for his age, ran away from the saddler's shop and joined up with a caravan heading West, his life was packed with danger and daring.

It took strong men to stand the hardships of the long trek across the trackless desert to Sante Fe, and Kit was only a boy. He was little, but he was determined to show them all that he could take his share.

The rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and animals, taught Kit Carson many valuable things. Then, when the time came that the Government needed his help as guide and scout in pushing the frontiers of America to the Pacific Ocean, he was ready and able.

He knew the trail as few men did. He had the gift of leading men. He had unlimited courage. And his ability to handle Indians whether in a fight or in a parley was almost miraculous. No wonder his fame spread all through the United States. Tales of his courage and his exploits were told everywhere and he became a hero for boys to read about and men to admire.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

ORPQC CQN JGRB FRCQ KXWMB JWM
BCJYVB!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

MANHUNTED

SYMBOL OF THE BATMAN'S VICTORIES OVER CRIME IS HIS VAST HALL OF TROPHIES! HERE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER, ARE HOUSED FOR ALL TIME HUNDREDS OF ODD SOUVENIRS OF THE BATMAN'S NEVER-CEASING WAR AGAINST VILLAINY!

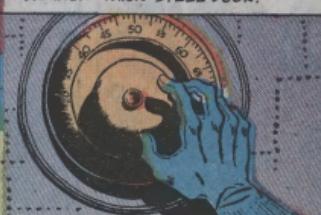
AND PERHAPS THE STRANGEST EXHIBIT IN THE BATMAN'S AWESOME COLLECTION OF TROPHIES IS A STEEL, BULLETPROOF VEST...A VEST OF ARMOR THAT AFFECTIONATELY LIVES ON THREE BROTHERS WHO FLOUTED THE LAW...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS REVEALED THE AMAZING CASE HISTORY OF TROPHY NO. 41...IN THE STARTLING STORY OF...

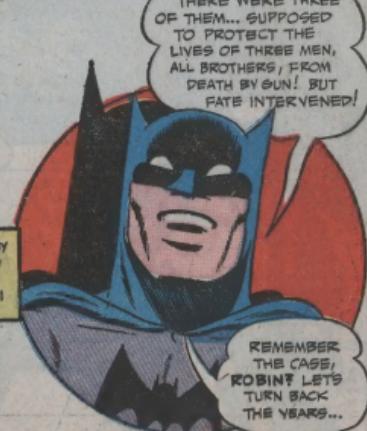
"BROTHERS IN CRIME!"



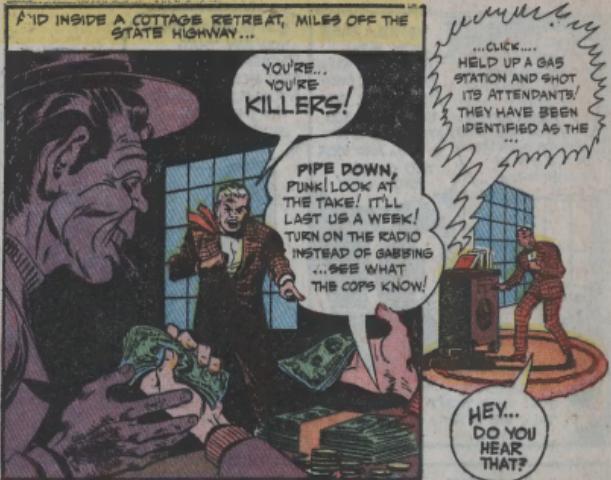
A GLOVED HAND REACHES GINGERLY FOR THE COMBINATION LOCK OF A SIX-INCH-THICK STEEL DOOR!



THE TWIRL OF A DIAL...A CLICK OF TUMBLERS...AND THE IMPENETRABLE DOOR SWINGS OPEN..







PAIN THE TOWN RED! THOSE WORDS BECOME GRIM REALITY AS THE RAFFERTY GANG BLAZES CRIMSON DEATH!

ARSON

MURDER



THEFT

ROBBERY

AND AT THEIR HIDEOUT...

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, KIDS? YOU'RE ON EASY STREET!

AND THOSE BULLETPROOF VESTS ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

BUT... BUT WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KILL?

BUT MIKE RAFFERTY HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON, FOR THAT NIGHT, AS TWO CLOAKED FIGURES FLIT THROUGH THE MOONLIT STREETS-

LOOK, ROBIN! THE RAFFERTY GANG!

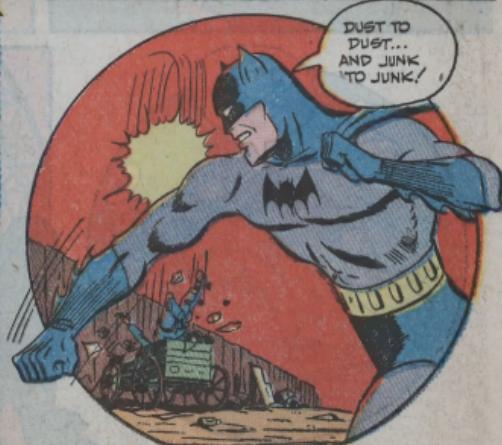
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY STOPPED THEM!

TWIN AVENGERS OF THE LAW, THE BATMAN AND THE BOY WONDER ROCKET INTO ACTION!

QUICK! PLUG 'EM!

KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND, CHUM!

DUST TO DUST... AND JUNK TO JUNK!





A PERILOUS
MOMENT... AND JUST
AS STEVE RAFFERTY
IS ABOUT TO
SQUEEZE THE
TRIGGER... THE CRANE
DIPS DOWN
AND...



...AND RELEASES ITS LOAD IN THE FREIGHT CAR AND THUS, IRONICALLY, THE GANG LEADER'S OWN HENCHMAN DOOMS HIM!

"SAFE AS A BUG IN A RUG!"
VAIN BOAST... FOR STEVE
RAFFERTY'S BULLETPROOF VEST
HAS BROUGHT HIM DEATH!



MEANWHILE, ROBIN SPRINGS TO THE RESCUE OF HIS DAZED COMPANION...



Suddenly, THE SHRIEK BLAST OF A WHISTLE...



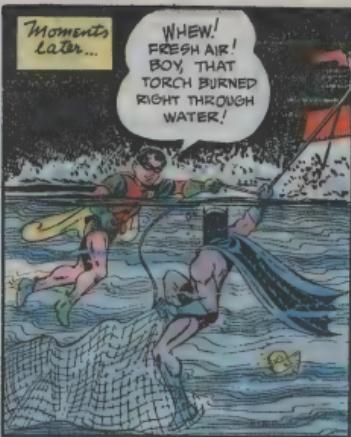




AS THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR
LEAPS TOWARD THE CLUB
VERANDA, A HUGE
WIRE MESH-NET
SWOOPS DOWN FROM ABOVE.



WITH A TINY OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, THE BATMAN SHOOTS A STREAM OF TERRIFIC HEAT AGAINST THE WIRE NET!





THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES BEHIND A NEARBY TENT...

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELING IN BETTER CIRCLES!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, AND YOU GO OUT HERE!

THIS IS BETTER THAN THE BRASS RING!

PETE QUIT THE GANG, AND NOW THEY'RE OUT TO GET HIM! BUT I WANT HIM FIRST!

ABRUPTLY, THE OMNIOUS CLOUDS OVERHEAD MASS, AND A THUNDER-STORM BURSTS LOOSE WITH THE FURY OF THE HEAVENS!

INSIDE, THE DIM LIGHT OF A WAVING CANDLE ILLUMINATES A STRANGE SCENE.

CERTAINLY YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE!

SHH...OUR LITTLE GRANDSON IS BEING OPERATED ON... EMERGENCY APPENDIX! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT SUDDENLY!

HERE'S SOME HOT COFFEE, MISTER. YOU MUST BE COLD!

GEE, THANKS, MA'M!

WHY DID THE LIGHTS GO OUT? THE DOCTOR SAYS CANDLE LIGHT IS DANGEROUS. HE NEEDS STEADY ELECTRIC LIGHT TO PERFORM THE OPERATION!

GOSH! I WISH I COULD HELP! THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWELL TO ME. RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THEIR OWN TROUBLES, SAY.. I CAN DO SOMETHING!



MOMENTS LATER,
PETE SLIPS OUTSIDE
INTO THE LASHING
RAIN, REMOVES HIS
BULLETPROOF VEST...

THE WIRES...
THEY'RE TOO
FAR APART FOR
ME TO CONNECT
THEM...BUT IF
I CAN TOUCH BOTH
ENDS TO MY METAL
VEST, IT WILL
COMPLETE THE
CIRCUIT!

SUDDENLY...
A GUN
BARKS...

OHHEW

SO YOU
THOUGHT YOU
COULD RUN OUT
ON THE MOB, EH?
WELL, I TOLD
YOU I'D GET
YOU!

A SECOND
LATER, A
MANTLED FORM
LUNGES
AT THE
ASSASSIN...

DIRTY COWARD,
I OUGHT TO
BREAK EVERY
BONE IN
YOUR
BODY!

GOT TO
KEEP
GOIN'...
THOSE WIRES...
DOC NEEDS
LIGHT...



Later,
INSIDE
THE
HOUSE...

I GUESS
IT WASN'T
IN THE CARDS...
FOR ME TO GO
STRAIGHT...SO
LONG, BATMAN!...
UGH...

THE
OPERATION
WAS A
SUCCESS,
THANKS TO
THAT POOR
FELLOW!



AND NOW WE
RETURN TO THE
HALL OF TROPHIES
IN 1942

AND SO, ROBIN,
BY TAKING OFF
HIS BULLETPROOF
VEST FOR THE VERY
FIRST TIME, PETE
SAVED THE BOY'S
LIFE...BUT HE
LOST HIS OWN!

YES,
BATMAN,
TROPHY NO. 41,
A LIFE-SAVING
BULLETPROOF VEST
THAT KILLED
THE THREE
RAFFERTY
BROTHERS!



*the
End*

DON & NANCY

...COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
...AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

CHILDREN, I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR DONATING SO GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS GIVING UP OUR CLASS PICNIC.

BUT, MISS WHITE, THERE IS A DOLLAR LEFT IN OUR TREASURY. CAN'T WE STILL HAVE OUR PICNIC?

I DON'T SEE HOW, NANCY.

REFRESHMENTS ON ONLY A DOLLAR? WHY THERE ARE THIRTY OF US IN THIS CLASS...THAT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE CENTS FOR EACH OF US!



AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...



BOYS/GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO



TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how swell it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks seal often. Recipes on package tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

BUDDY



GEE MAN



DON'T FORGET THAT
BATMAN AND ROBIN
BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH SMASHING
EXPLOITS IN EVERY
MONTH'S ISSUE OF
DETECTIVE COMICS!

-- AND THAT SENSATIONAL
NEW WAR-ACTION STRIP,
THE BOY COMMANDOS,
APPEARS EVERY MONTH
IN **DETECTIVE COMICS**, TOO!
BETTER NOT MISS IT!!



BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

NEW BIG PRICE!

WHO LAUGHS AT THE LOCK-SMITHS OF THE LAW? WHO WEARS THE WHITE DEAD MASK OF ANCIENT COMEDY ADJUSTED TO THE BODY OF A LIVING MAN?

YES, YOU GUessed IT!
IT IS THE JOKER...THE CRIME CLOWN...THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!!

NOW THAT GRIMMEST OF JESTERS RETURNS... AND LAUGHS AGAIN AS HIS ETERNALLY GRINNING LIPS MOUTH WORDS... WORDS OF SLANG. HARMLESS INNOCENT WORDS WHICH HIS warped MIND TWISTS INTO THE LANGUAGE OF CRIME! YES.. THE JOKER'S ACTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES WHEN HE BECOMES- "THE WIZARD OF WORDS!"

IN A GLOOMY ROOM, A MAN SITS AND LAUGHS! BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY LAUGHTER...AND THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN...



...FOR, THIS IS MELANCHOLY, JEERING LAUGHTER...AND THIS MAN IS THAT DEALER OF DROLLErY AND DOOM...THE JOKER!

NOW THE JOKER RELAXES AFTER HIS LAST CRIME ESCAPE...

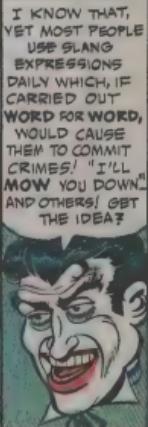
A VERY GOOD
JOKE, SLAPSY,
HA! HA! DO
YOU KNOW
ANY MORE?

WAIT'LL
YOU HEAR
THIS ONE,
BOSS. IT'LL
KILL
YA!

IT'LL KILL
ME? ID
RATHER LIVE,
THANK YOU! HA!
HA! SLAPSY,
WERE I TO TAKE
THAT REMARK
LITERALLY, IT
WOULD MEAN A
THREAT ON MY
LIFE!

AW, BOSS,
I DIDN'T
MEAN
NOTHIN'!

I KNOW THAT,
BUT MOST PEOPLE
USE SLANG
EXPRESSIONS
DAILY WHICH, IF
CARRIED OUT
WORD FOR WORD,
WOULD CAUSE
THEM TO COMMIT
CRIMES! "I'LL
MOW YOU DOWN"
AND OTHERS! GET
THE IDEA?



HMM! AND THAT
GIVES ME A TREMENDOUS
IDEA... AN IDEA THAT
ONLY THE JOKER
COULD THINK OF!
HA! HA!

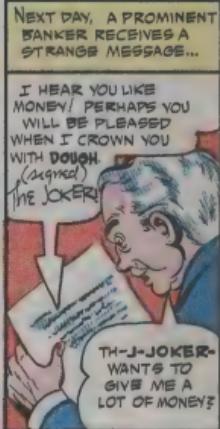
SNAP!

SLAPSY, GO
OUT AND GET
ME SOME BAKING
DOUGH, A
PICTURE FRAME,
SOME FIRECRACKERS
AND SOME BARRELS
OF RED PAINT!

HUH?



WHAT
IS THE
JOKER'S
PLAN?
HOW
CAN
THESE
UN-
RELATED
OBJECTS
FIT TO-
GETHER
TO FORM
A
CRIME
PATTERN?



TH-J-JOKER
WANTS TO
GIVE ME A
LOT OF MONEY!

LATER THAT DAY...
AS THE BANKER
PASSES BENEATH
A WINDOW...

DIDN'T I SAY, I
WOULD "COVER YOU
WITH DOUGH"? HA! HA!
THIS IS NOT MONEY...
BUT REAL
BAKING DOUGH!
HA! HA!



THAT SAME DAY,
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY ALSO
GETS A
LETTER!



HE CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH THAT!
HE CAN'T
FRAME
ME!

BUT THE D.A. IS WRONG... ALL THE WAY! FOR, THE NEXT DAY...

WH....
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

THE JOKER
FRAMED ME...
BUT NOT
IN THE
WAY I
EXPECTED!

THEN, THE MAYOR
RECEIVES A MESSAGE!

"YOU'LL SEE FIRE WORKS
IN YOUR OFFICE
WHEN I START WITH YOU,
THE JOKER"

BUT WHEN THE
MAYOR ENTERS
HIS OFFICE THE
NEXT DAY, HE
IS GREETED
BY...

FIREWORKS!
THE JOKER
ACTUALLY DID
MAKE FIREWORKS
IN MY
OFFICE!

THE PLAGUE OF MAD FRANKS MAKES HEAD-LINE NEWS, AND THE PUBLIC WONDERS... AS DO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.

FIREWORKS!
PICTURE
FRAMES!
THE JOKER'S
GONE CRAZY
AT LAST!

GOLLY, BRUCE,
IT CERTAINLY
LOOKS LIKE
IT!

DON'T KID YOURSELF! ANY TIME THAT BABY STARTS CLOWNING... HE ENDS UP WITH A CRIME!

IS
BRUCE
RIGHT?
IS
THERE
A
CALCULAT-
ING
THREAD
OF EVIL
WINDING
THROUGH
THIS
PATTERN
OF MAD
MIRTH?
LET'S
SEE...

THE NEXT DAY...
COMMISSIONER
GORDON GETS ANOTE-

SO... HE EXPECTS
TO HAVE A RIP-
ROARING TIME
MAKING WHOOPIE,
EH? I'LL HAVE THE BOYS PATROL
THE NIGHT CLUB!

"Gordon! I
want you to
have the boys
patrol the
area around my
house. I want
you to make
sure that
the boys
PAINT THE TOWN
RED!"
THE JOKER

SOME TIME LATER, A POLICE-MAN STARES IN WIDE-EYED ASTONISHMENT...

NOthin'
Much! I'm
just paintin'
the sidewalk
red!
HA!

AND SO IT GOES, AS AT VARIOUS SPOTS IN THE CITY FUGITIVE HOOD-LUMS LEAVE BEHIND A WAKE OF RED PAINT...

HEY,
YOU!
COME BACK
HERE!

HAW!
HAW!

WHITE HIGH IN
THE SKY, THE
JOKER RELEASES
A FLOOD OF
SCARLET OVER
THE ROOF-TOPS...

HA...HA! I
WARNED THEM
I WOULD
PAINT THE
TOWN RED...
AND I AM!
HA...HA!

LATE THAT NIGHT... A STARTLING CHANGE OCCURS IN THE WAYNE HOME...

WHAT'S UP? WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN TONIGHT'S PAPERS?

I'M CHECKING UP ON A LIST OF PLACES THAT WERE PAINTED RED BY THE JOKER'S MOB!

YOU THINK THE JOKER PULLED THESE STUNTS AS A COVER-UP FOR SOMETHING CROOKED?

BULL'S-EYE, ROBIN! NOW...LET'S SEE... GROCERY STORE WINDOW...MUSEUM WALL...BANK ROOFTOP...SAY! THAT'S THE ONLY BANK MENTIONED. THAT'S IT, THEN! IT MUST BE!

BY ELEVATOR, THE DUO DESCENDS TO THE BATMAN'S SECRET UNDER-GROUND HANGARS...

OLD DISGUISED BARN

WINCH CHAIN TO PULL BATPLANE UP INCLINE

BATPLANE

GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THE JOKER'S UP TO?

NO, ROBIN...

WAYNE HOME

SECRET LABORATORY

REINFORCED CONCRETE

BATPLANES' HANGAR

BATMOBILES' GARAGE

REPAIR AND WORKSHOP

...BUT I'VE HAD TOO MANY TUSSES WITH THAT GUY TO STOP ME FROM PLAYING MY HUNCH!

AT THAT INSTANT... CRIME STRIKES ON THE BANK ROOFTOP!

MY SCHEME WORKED! ALL THESE SEEMINGLY INSANE PRANKS... TO COVER UP A CRIME COUP! HA! HA!

THE DISGUISED BARN'S AUTOMATIC DOOR SWINGS OPEN... AND THE BAT-PLANE ROARS SKYWARD!

4

HEY! I CAN SEE THE INSIDE O' THE BANK! YOU KICKED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!

PRECISELY! THAT RED PAINT I SPRAYED HERE WAS MIXED WITH AN ACID SO POWERFUL, SO CORROSIVE, IT WEAKENED THE ROOF IN A FEW HOURS! HA! I'M REALLY BRILLIANT!





THAT NIGHT... IN THE JOKER'S SECRET SANCTUM...

BOSS, WE DIDN'T GET NOTHIN' ON THAT JOB AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE BATMAN! YOU SHOULDA LET ME PLUG 'IM!

NO! ANYONE CAN KILL WITH A GUN! BUT I'M NOT ANYONE! I'M THE JOKER!

WHEN I KILL IT MUST BE WITH SOME IMAGINATION. BUT YOU ARE RIGHT! I MUST GET THE BATMAN BEFORE HE GETS ME!

LEAVE ME! I WANT TO THINK! I WANT TO PLAN A FATAL TRAP FOR THE BATMAN... HA! HA.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... A NEWS FLASH...

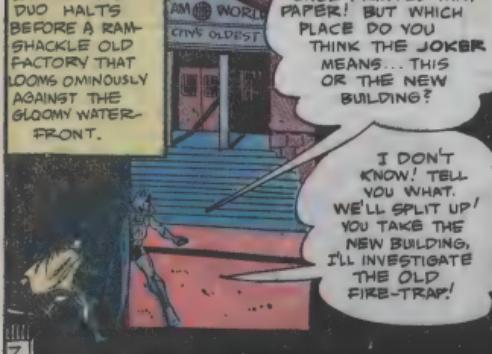


MINUTES LATER... THE DUO HALTS BEFORE A RAM-SHACKLE OLD FACTORY THAT LOOMS OMINOUSLY AGAINST THE GLOOMY WATERFRONT.

THERE'S WHERE THEY ONCE PRINTED THAT PAPER! BUT WHICH PLACE DO YOU THINK THE JOKER MEANS... THIS OR THE NEW BUILDING?

I DON'T KNOW! TELL YOU WHAT, WE'LL SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE THE NEW BUILDING, I'LL INVESTIGATE THE OLD FIRE-TRAP!

LATER... A WEIRD, BATLIKE SHAPE FLITS WARILY OVER DUST-COVERED FLOORS!



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING... SUDDEN AMBUSH!

"COME INTO MY TRAP," SAID THE JOKER TO THE BATMAN! HA! HA! A NEW APPROPRIATE VARIATION ON AN OLD SAYING!

WHAT?

Moments later...

BOY-O-BOY!
AM I
A PRIZE
SAP?

NOT EXACTLY. IT TOOK BRAIN MATTER TO FATHOM MY CRYPTIC MESSAGE. NOW, BATMAN, YOU'RE THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER... AND TO SHOW MY RESPECT FOR YOUR TALENT... I'M TAKING YOU FOR A SPIN!

BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN COMPREHEND, HE IS STRADDLED ACROSS A HUGE GYROSCOPE!

A GYROSCOPE TOP FOR A TOP MAN! I PROMISED YOU A SPIN... AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT! HA! HA!

A SWITCH IS THROWN! THERE IS THE HUM AND CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY... AND THE GYROSCOPE STARTS TO SPIN!



FASTER... FASTER... AT A THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS PER SECOND... FASTER... WITH THE TERRIBLE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE HURLING PULSE-POUNDING BLOOD IN HIS HEAD AND FEET!

IN A FEW MOMENTS YOUR BLOOD WILL HIT YOUR BRAIN WITH SUCH PRESSURE THAT YOU WILL GO MAD! HA! HA!

Suddenly,
THE JOKER'S
HAND CLOSES
THE SWITCH!
THE GIANT
TOP FALTERS
IN ITS
SPIN!



NO, BATMAN... I DON'T LIKE THAT SORT OF LIVING DEATH FOR YOU! ...IT'S TOO... TOO AH... INDIGNIFIED!

HAS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE SAVED THE BATMAN FROM A HORRIBLE END? DON'T FORGET... HE IS... THE JOKER!

NO, BATMAN... I'VE A BETTER IDEA... I'M GOING TO LET YOU WALK THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!

HA! HA!
OH-H-H!
IT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH WHEN I SEE ONE JOKER... NOW I SEE FOUR OF HIM! MY HEAD... GOING ROUND.... DIZZY!



"THE ROAD TO
SUCCESS!"

A SLIM
PLANK HOVERING
OVER SUDDEN
DEATH!

THE ROAD
TO SUCCESS!
GOOD, EH?
I ADMIT IT IS
MELODRAMATIC,
BUT IT
FITS MY
PERSONALITY!
HA! HA!

THE DAZED BATMAN IS
PROPPED OUTONTO THE PLANK
WITHOUT FULLY REALIZING
HIS DESPERATE PLIGHT...

CROSS THAT PLANK
SUCCESSFULLY AND YOU ARE
FREE! FAILURE MEANS DEATH!
EITHER THE BURNING OIL ON ONE
SIDE, OR THE UPRIGHT SPIKES
ON THE
OTHER!
HA! HA!



THEN
CATA-
PULTING
FORWARD,
TWIRLING
HIS
SLING-
SHOT IS
A MODERN
YOUNG
DAVID
TO DEFY A
GOLIATH
OF CRIME...
ROBIN!



THE BOY WONDER LIVES UP TO HIS NAME, AND STRIKES WITH DEVASTATING FORCE.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO FEEL DIZZY!

HA! HA! NOW IS MY CHANCE... HA! HA!

WHILE THAT BOY FIGHTS, I'LL FINISH THE BATMAN ONCE AND FOR ALL!



THE BOARD TIPS, AND SPILLS THE BATMAN! DOWN HE PROPS... TOWARD WAITING DOOM...

HA! HA! TRY TO BEAT THIS BATMAN!



STRONG, STURDY LEGS SNARE THE BATMAN IN MID-AIR... CLAMP TIGHTLY ABOUT HIM...

...AND CARRY HIM TO SAFETY ONTO THE OPPOSITE CATWALK!

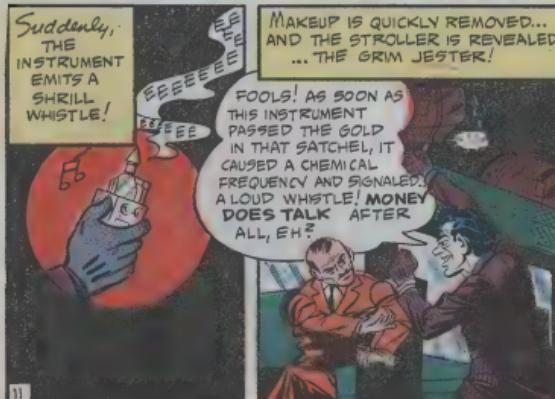
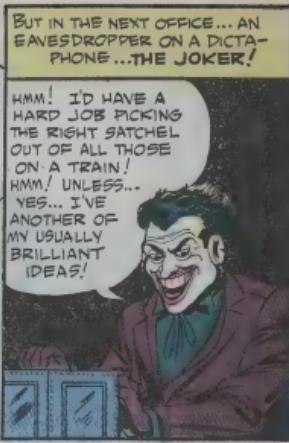
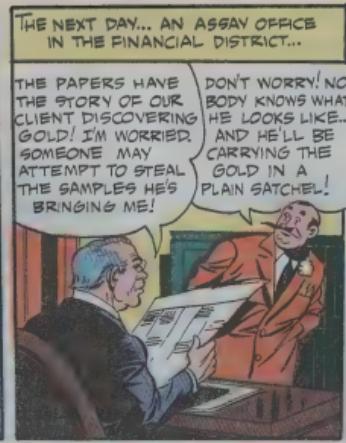
THANKS, PAL! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOME TIME!

DON'T MENTION IT...

RETREAT, YOU FOOLS! ONCE THE BATMAN REGAINS HIS BALANCE, HE'LL BE AFTER US WITH VENGEANCE IN HIS EYES!

...AND IN EACH FIST! I DON'T WANNA BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!





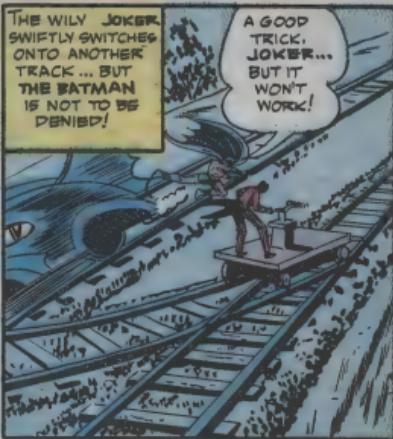
But, racing in the wake of the train... THE BATMOBILE.

IF YOU CAN FOLLOW A TRAIN, I GUESS I CAN, TOO! YOU'RE TRAPPED THIS TIME, JOKER!

YOU!

THE WILY JOKER SWIFTLY SWITCHES ONTO ANOTHER TRACK... BUT THE BATMAN IS NOT TO BE DENIED!

A GOOD TRICK, JOKER... BUT IT WON'T WORK!



MASTER CRIME-FIGHTER AND MASTER CRIMINAL LOCK GRIPS IN SWAYING BATTLE ON A RUNAWAY HAND CAR!



A ROARING MONSTER OF STEEL THUNDERS DOWN ON THE HAND CAR AND ITS HUMAN FREIGHT...



A SHATTERING CRASH... AND A TWIN LEAP FOR LIFE!



AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE, PALLY, I'LL BE AROUND!

YOU! DID YOU HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH THAT, TOO?

AS THE JOKER RACES PAST AN ARMY CAMP, HE SPIES A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE... A BLOW FELLS A GUARDING WATCHMAN...



...AND THE ANCHOR CABLES OF A BARRAGE BALLOON BREAK LOOSE FROM THEIR MOORINGS!

EVEN AS THE
HUGE BAG
RISES, THE BATMAN
LEAPS FOR
A TRAILING
CABLE...

COME
TO
POPPA!

...AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT IS
CLIMBING HAND OVER HAND UP ITS
SLIPPERY LENGTH!

NOT FOR
LONG!
YOU...

STILL
WITH YOU,
FUNNY MAN!

MISSED...
AND YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO GET ANOTHER
CHANCE!

THERE, ON THE
SLOPING, ROLLING
SIDES OF A DRIFTING
BARRAGE BALLOON
THREE THOUSAND
FEET ABOVE EARTH,
THE BATMAN AND JOKER
STAGE A SKY-HIGH
BATTLE!

ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN TEARS
HIMSELF FREE, WINDS HIS
STRONG FINGERS INTO AN
IRON FIST AND SWINGS
HARD!

OKAY,
JOKER...
THIS IS
IT!

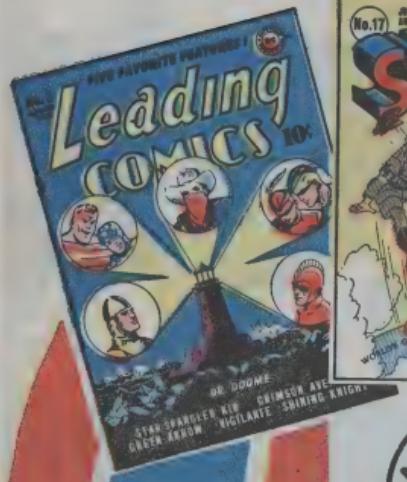
DOWN LIKE A
STONE DROPS THE
JOKER'S TWISTING
BODY... DOWN TO
THE RAGING RIVER
BELOW!

NO ONE COULD
LIVE AFTER
THAT FALL! HMM!
THIS IS ONE TIME
THE JOKER WENT
INTO A CRIME
THAT WAS OVER
HIS HEAD!

YES... IN
FACT, RIGHT
NOW HE'S DROWNING
HIS SORROW
AND WE CAN TAKE
THAT WORD
FOR WORD...

But - IS THE
JOKER DEAD AT
LAST? OR, IS
THIS JESTING
CRIME GENIUS
ALIVE... ALIVE AND
LAUGHING... LAUGHING
IN UNHOLY GLEE AS
HIS DISTORTED BRAIN
SPAWNS NEW
VILLAINIES?
ONLY TIME CAN
TELL...

SOMETIMES
AFTER, THE
RUNAWAY
BALLOONS ARGOSY
ENDS AS ITS
CABLES TANGLE
IN A TREE.
TOP AND
THAT
NIGHT...



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

WINDY WATKINS

BY ALGER

I WUZ ON MY WAY TO
HEADQUARTERS F'R TH'
CANNON REPORT 'N'
A HUNNERT FEET O'
SKIRMISH LINE -

I'LL NEVER FORGET
THE BATTLE O' POMME
DE TERRE VALLEY
IN TH' LAST WAR!

-WHEN GENERAL RAINFALL ORDERED
MAJOR HAIRCURL 'N' ME T' GATHER
SOME EGGS OUTA SOME MACHINE
GUN NESTS!

AFTER NIGHTFALL WE CREEPT OVER
TO TH' NESTS - 'N' WHADDAYAH SPOSE?

I DUNNO!
WHAT?

NO EGGS THERE!
THEY'D ALL
SCRAMBLED!

SOME
YOLK!

HOW
'BOUT
SUNDAY?

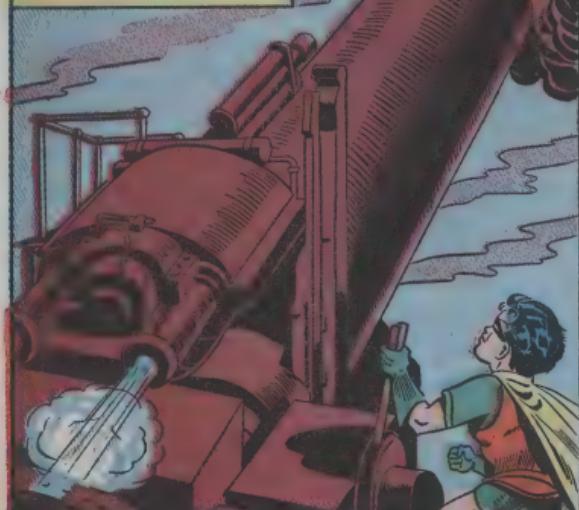
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

DANGER IS THE DAILY DIET OF THOSE HUMAN DAREDEVILS WE CALL THE "STUNT MEN" --- THOSE FEARLESS FELLOWS WHO RECKLESSLY STAKE THEIR VERY LIVES UPON THEIR STEELY NERVES ! HAIRBREATH ESCAPES ARE THEIR STOCK IN TRADE BREATH-TAKING HAZARDS HOLD NO TERRORS FOR THEM --- UNTIL DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY HALTS THEIR GALLANT DEEDS !

THIS IS THE THRILLING STORY OF MEN WHO HAVE TO BE BRAVE FOR A PRICE... AND OF BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, WHOSE BRAVERY COULD NOT BE BOUGHT... IN THE ADVENTURE OF ---

"THEY THRILL TO CONQUER!"



UP THE SHEER FACE OF A SKYSCRAPER CLIMBS A "HUMAN FLY" TO DO HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM !



THOUSANDS OF WATCHERS -- BUT ONLY TWO, KEEN-EYED BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, SEE --

THERE -- ON THE FLOOR JUST ABOVE THE "HUMAN FLY"!

I SEE THEM, BRUCE! TWO OF THEM! ONE HAS A GUN!

-- A SINISTER GLINT OF LIGHT FROM A SHADED WINDOW!



ONLY A TELLTALE FLASH -- BUT SUFFICIENT TO TRANSFORM BRUCE WAYNE INTO HIS OTHER SELF, THE BATMAN!

THAT'S OUR ANSWER, DICK!
THERE'S DEATH
BEHIND THAT SHADE!

OKAY -- I'LL
DO MY PART!



TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE Gaping Thousands, the Crime Nemesis snakes a silken cord across the gulf of space...



ACROSS THE PIZZY CHASM INCHES THE ACRO-BATMAN...



ABRUPTLY... A TREACHEROUS SALVO OF HOT LEAD!

THE
BATMAN!

GET HIM!
I CAN'T REACH
HIM WITH THE
JUICE!



BUT OUT OF THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S BELT FLASHES A STRANGE WEAPON -- A POCKET-MIRROR!



STEADY THERE,
MAN! NEVER
MIND THEM!
JUST HANG ON!

INCH BY INCH -- AND AGAIN THE GUN ROARS!



MEANWHILE, ON THE FLOOR BELOW

YOU MISSED HIM --
AND HE'S GOT
FORD! WAIT'LL
THE CHIEF
HEARS THIS !

AW, I COULDN'T SEE,
I TELL YER, DUKE!
HE SHONE A LIGHT
RIGHT IN MY EYES.

**THE POOR TO ESCAPE--
BUT THROUGH IT VAULTS
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!**

MUSTN'T CROSS
AGAINST THE
LIGHT, OLD
TOP !



THIS DEVILISH GUN IS NO TOY!
ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS
SHOOT ITS LOAD OF AMMONIA
GAS IN MY FACE AND I'D PITCH
DOWN TO THE STREET! EVERY-
ONE WOULD CONSIDER IT AN-
OTHER ACCIDENTAL DEATH--
LIKE THESE....



OUT OF FORD'S POCKET COME
THREE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS....



THOSE WEREN'T
ACCIDENTS, BATMAN.
THEY WERE MURDERS!
SOMEONE IS FORCING
US STUNT MEN TO
BUY PROTECTION.
THOSE THREE WOULDN'T
PAY--SO THEY DIED!
I'M NEXT!



I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY!
I'M ONE OF THE FLYING
FORDS. REMEMBER US?
THERE WERE THREE OF US--
ME AND NAN AND YOUNG
TOM. HE'S JUST ABOUT
ROBIN'S AGE...



"LITTLE TOMMY WAS A GREAT PERFORMER, BUT WE DIDN'T LET HIM DO ANYTHING DANGEROUS--JUST GOING UP WITH US AND TAKING EASY SWINGS."



"UNTIL THAT DAY
WHEN MY GEAR
BROKE, I WAS
FALLING STRAIGHT
FOR A BIG ANIMAL
WAGON. TOM SAW
WHAT WAS COMING
AND DIVED AT
THE ROPE..."



"THAT CHECKED ME SO
THAT I MISSED THE
WAGON--BUT TOM LANDED
IN THE ARENA IN A HEAD HE
CRUSHED HIS SPINE--AND
HE'S NEVER WALKED SINCE!"

TOMMY!
OH,
TOMMY!
DARLING!



"TOMMY NEEDS AN
OPERATION THAT
WILL COST THOUSANDS
OF DOLLARS. THAT'S
WHY I TAKE THESE
DANGEROUS JOBS
AND WHY I
DON'T PAY
THOSE CROOKS!"

DON'T
WORRY. YOU
DON'T
NEED TO!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE HUGE GOTHAM GARDEN IS THROTTLED WITH SPECTATORS... BUT BACKSTAGE...

I DON'T GET THIS,
FORD'S ALL SET
TO DO HIS ACT,
SO WHY ARE
WE HERE?

JUST A
HUNCH,
ROBIN!

JUST A HUNCH -- BUT THE UNDERSTANDING BATMAN IS NOT SURPRISED AT WHAT THEY FIND!

COME ON --
SNAP OUT OF IT,
FORD! BE
A MAN!

IT'S NO USE
BATMAN -- I CAN'T
GO ON! THEY'LL KILL
ME OUT THERE! JOE
KIRK WILL HAVE TO
GET SOMEONE
ELSE! I'LL --
I'LL KILL
MYSELF!

BATMAN STEPS IN QUICKLY AS FORD SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND CLIPS HIM ON THE JAW.

SORRY -- BUT
I CAN'T LET
YOU DO
THAT!

POOR CHAP!
HE'S LOST
HIS NERVE!

BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON! AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

-- A STUPENDOUS SURPRISE! DUE TO THE SUDDEN ILLNESS OF FEARLESS FORD, HIS PLACE IN THE DEATH-DEFYING STUNT WILL BE TAKEN BY --
THE BATMAN!



DRUMS ROLL AS THE BATMAN ROCKS HIS PERILOUS PERCH TO AND FRO, TEMPTING FATE!



FARTHER AND FARTHER OFF BALANCE WITH EACH HAZARDOUS TILT SEEWS THE BATMAN!



HIGH UP INSIDE THE ARENA, THE BOY WONDER SUDDENLY GLIMPSES A KEY TO THE ANSWER!

THAT FACE -- THAT'S THE GENT WHO GAVE ME THE AMMONIA BATH! BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



HIGH UP TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE MAMMOTH AUDITORIUM THE PROWLER LEADS!

A CONTROL BOOTH! BUT YOU MUSTN'T GET OUT OF CONTROL, BROTHER!



TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANOTHER BARREL OF AMMONIA TO EMPTY IN MY FACE!

YOU WANT ANOTHER BARREL, EH? TAKE A LOOK DOWN BELOW, SMART GUY!

TOO LATE! THE TIGHT-DRAWN ROPE SPRINGS THE TRAP!



DOWN HURLES THE FIENDISHLY TIMED MISSILE...



AND THE SAVAGE BEASTS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!

TOO BAD FRANK BUCK ISN'T HERE -- MAYBE HE COULD BRING ME BACK ALIVE OUT OF THIS!





THE AFTERNOON OF THE GALA FETE AT BRUCE WAYNE'S ESTATE--AND BRUCE CALLS ON HIS STAR PERFORMER

READY, FORD? YOUR STUNTS ON NEXT!

NO, MR. WAYNE--I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I THOUGHT I'D GET MY NERVE BACK--BUT I CAN'T! I'M AFRAID I'LL CRASH IF I DRIVE THAT CAR!

SORRY, MR. WAYNE ... BUT I'M ALL WASHED UP! I'LL NEVER HAVE THE NERVE TO STUNT AGAIN ... GOOD-BYE! ...

WELL, CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE CROWDS. BEIDES, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BRISK LITTLE RIDE TO KEEP A FELLOW FIT!... DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME BEHIND THESE GOGGLES!



OUTSIDE, THE ANNOUNCER GOES INTO HIS SPIEL

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT INTREPID DAREDEVIL FEARLESS FORD, IN HIS SPECTACULAR LOOP-THE-LOOP INTO INFERNAL OKAY, FEARLESS!



THE TRAP THAT WAITS--AN ABANDONED TRUCK!



STRAIGHT INTO THE FIERY MAW SPURTS THE CRASH CAR ...

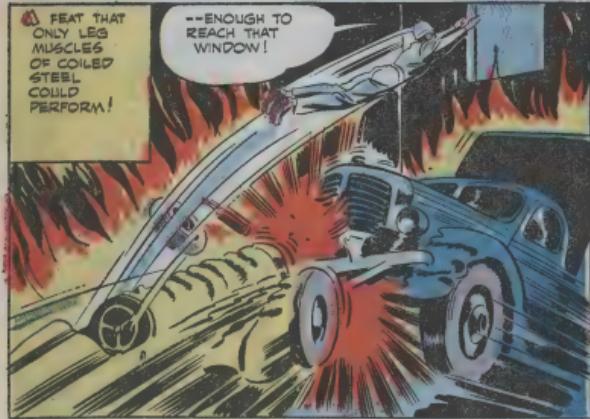


BUT EVEN IN THAT FLASHING SPLIT-SECOND A DESPERATE PLAN SPARKS FROM THE BATMAN'S DYNAMIC BRAIN!



A FEAT THAT ONLY LEG MUSCLES OF COILED STEEL COULD PERFORM!

--ENOUGH TO REACH THAT WINDOW!



AND ONCE AGAIN DEATH'S CHILL FINGERS SNATCH FOR THE BATMAN IN VAIN !

THE INHUMAN MONSTERS! THAT TRUCK MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH GASOLINE TO SEAL FORD'S DOOM!



YEA, FEARLESS!

HURRAY FOR FEARLESS FORD!

YEA, FORD!



AND FEARLESS FORD? ALONE IN THE SHADOWS, HE WATCHES HIS HOLLOW TRIUMPH ...

DEAD--THAT'S WHAT I WOULD BE NOW, BLOWN TO BITS! NO MAN COULD HAVE ESCAPED--NO MAN BUT THE BATMAN! AND I'M NO BATMAN....

THAT TRIUMPH BRINGS SWIFT CONSEQUENCES!

GREAT WORK, FORD! I'VE ANOTHER DATE FOR YOU ALREADY! SATURDAY--A HIGH DIVE AT THE FAIR GROUNDS--FOR BIG DOUGH!

OKAY--YOU'RE THE BOSS, KIRK!



GATER...

GREAT SHOW YOU PUT ON FOR US TODAY, BRUCE!

WON'T YOU THINK BRUCE WOULD WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE FORD'S ACT INSTEAD OF ONLY SPONSORING IT?

BRUCE WAYNE! MY DEAR, HE COULDN'T BE BOthered!



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FAIR--TWO CLOAKED FIGURES GLIDE SOFTLY OVER THE GROUNDS!

TWO ATTEMPTS ON FORD'S LIFE HAVE FAILED...TOMORROW THE KILLERS WILL HAVE A FINE CHANCE AT HIM!

AND AS USUAL,
WHILE HE'S AT WORK--
TO MAKE HIS DEATH
SEEM ACCIDENTAL!

LOOK AT THAT FURROW!
SOMEONE'S BEEN DIGGING HERE!

JUST AS I EXPECTED... CLEVER JOB-- THE GROUND IS HARDLY DISTURBED-- BUT LET'S SEE WHERE THAT FAINT TRAIL LEADS US....

OPENING DAY AT THE FAIR...AND ONCE AGAIN A DISGUISED BATMAN PREPARES TO THRILL THOUSANDS...

AND NOW... THE GREAT FEARLESS FORD WILL PLUNGE 150 FEET INTO LESS THAN THREE FEET OF WATER!

HELL NEVER DO IT....! DON'T WANT TO WATCH HIM!...HELL KILL HIMSELF!

AND "FEARLESS FORD" PLUNGES -- JUST AS A MIGHTY EXPLOSION ROCKS THE FAIRGROUNDS!

Boom!

STUNNED SILENCE--UNTIL SUDDENLY A SHRIEK SOUNDS "FORD'S" REQUIEM!

BEN! OH, BEN!

DADDY!

BUT THE REAL FEARLESS FORD IS FAR FROM DEATH!

NAN! TOMMY!
THEY THINK I'M DEAD! BUT IT'S THE BATMAN WHO TOOK MY PLACE! HE'S DEAD!!!



MEANWHILE, ON THE ALMOST DESERTED MIDWAY, THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION CATALYZES ROBIN INTO STRANGE ACTION...

COME ON, FOLKS--
KNOCK 'EM
DOWN!

WIN A
PRIZE!

GLAD TO OBLIGE!

TRY YOUR SKILL
IN BALLS 10¢

NO FAIR
PRACTISING
ON THE
CUSTOMERS!

THE CURTAIN AT THE REAR OF THE BOOTH IS
ROBIN'S GOAL--THE END OF THE FAINT DIGGING
TRAIL FROM THE DIVING TANK!

TWO DOWN--
AND THE PRIZE
CUGHT TO BE
BACK HERE --
KILLER,
KIRK!

WAITING FOR YOU,
YOUNGSTER! I GOT
YOUR BOTTLES
ALL READY!

OUT ON THE FIELD, THE BOMB
CRATER YIELDS AN AMAZING
SURPRISE!

THAT'S
NO
BODY--
IT'S
A
DUMMY!

JUST A MECH-
ANICAL CONTRAP-
TION, BUT IT
FOOLED
ME!

AND FROM THE TOWER OVER-
HEAD SUDDENLY SPRINGS THE
BATMAN!

LOOK
OUT!

THAT'S
THE
BATMAN!

GET
HIM,
ROBIN!

BUT JOE KIRK HAS
REACHED HIS GOAL!

IM TAKING THIS BUS--
AND I TRAVEL ALONE!

TO AIR
RIDES

BETTER TEACH THAT
BRAT SOME MANNERS,
BATMAN! I AINT
GOT TIME!



BROD TO ONE HALF OF THE DYNAMIC PARTNERSHIP
MEANS ACTION FOR THE OTHER!

THAT'S STRANGE!
THOSE DOORS WERE
CLOSED--AND NOBODY
KNEW WE LEFT THE
BATPLANE HERE!

THE MYSTERY SOON CLEARS!

I CAN'T OPERATE
THIS THING! SIT
DOWN AND GET
IT STARTED--OR,
SO HELP ME, I'LL
PUT A BULLET
IN YOU!

RUNNING
AWAY, FORD!
YOU
MISERABLE
COWARD!

I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY! I'M
AFTER JOE KIRK--THE
PROTECTION RACKET BOSS!
NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS
AGENTS COMMISSION, HE'S
BEEN HIJACKING MOST OF
EVERY STUNT MAN'S PAY
AND KILLING ANYONE WHO
WOULDN'T COME ACROSS!



SWIFTLY THE BATPLANE
OVERHAULS ITS QUARRY,
UNTIL THE BOMBSIGHT
MIRRORS KIRK'S SHIP--



AND FEARLESS
FORD LIVES
UP TO HIS
NAME!

BUT DEATH PLAYS ITS LAST CARD --

CAN'T MAKE IT...
CAN'T SAVE
BATMAN...

--AND THE
MAN OF
STEEL TRUMPS
IT!

AND DAREDEVIL
CONGRATULATES
DAREDEVIL!



BUT YOU
DIDN'T
NEED
ME,
BATMAN!
YOU HAD
HIM
BEATEN!

THAT DOESN'T
MATTER, FORD. YOU
MADE THE BRAVEST
DIVE OF YOUR
CAREER TO
SAVE ME -- AND
YOU RESCUED
YOUR OWN
MANHOOD!
YOU'VE FOUND
YOUR NERVE
AGAIN, OLD
MAN!



GAGS

HENRY BOSTON

HAVE THE PICTURE
END BY THE TREE!



WHAT'S THE IDEA? I INVITED
COMPANY OVER FOR TONIGHT!



HONEST INJUN!



UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT
SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!
HAS IN IT SUPERMAN
AND BATMAN BOTH
-- AND MUCH OTHERS!
CATCHUM ALSO
ALL STORIES
BRAND-NEW
-- NO CHEATUM.
PUBLIC WITH
REPRINTS!

NOW ON
SALE!



MURDER RAP

by Sam Case

ED SWAIN sauntered through the busy city room, with its clicking typewriters and chattering teletype machines providing noisy accompaniment. Copy boys scurried about the room, snatching stories handed them by reporters and rewrite men. There was an air of a big story breaking and it is a feeling only a newspaperman can fully appreciate. But part of it communicated itself to Ed Swain because, as crack detective on the Homicide Squad, his work brought him in contact with reporters.

And especially one reporter. Female.

Her name was Jane Winters and she was star sob sister on the *Blade*.

Lately, Swain had taken to worrying about Jape. He had never figured she'd turn out to be a swell crime reporter. But within twelve weeks, she had been turning out sensational stuff on the underworld, breaking stories even the stoolies couldn't bring in. And now here she was mixed up with Fats Martin, against whom a murder rap was pending.

Swain scowled, thinking of this. The indictment had been handed down today. Already, Fats was out on bail. Serenely, he had called the press into the sumptuous realty office he maintained—actually the police knew it to be a bookmaking establishment—and promised a breath-taking revelation at the time of his trial.

"I'm being persecuted," he had said. "I'm just an honest business man. But the Mayor of this town is out to get me. I'm just waiting to get on that stand. You boys tell your readers that."

And the papers were doing it. Worried, wondering what ace Fats might have, the Mayor had called the Commissioner, who had in turn called the

Chief Inspector and down the line it went until the order was dropped on Ed Swain's desk. "Find out what Fats intends to do."

Morosely, Swain looked at the headline on the freshly-printed paper dropped hurriedly on Jane's desk by a copy boy. MARTIN PROMISES SURPRISE!

"So!" Swain dropped the paper as he heard Jane's voice. Poised, her face flushed, she stood there, her eyes dancing. "Don't tell me," she said, "that the police department is getting its information from the *Blade* now?"

She smiled. "It's tough enough when its crack detective decides maybe he'd better learn something about being a fireman, just in case."

Swain flushed. He didn't mind being kidded about the off-time he spent with the Auxiliary Fire Corps. He had thought it a good idea, in wartime, to learn something about fighting fires. Never know when it would come in handy. But Jane didn't have to keep rubbiting it in.

"Well, maybe I did come up for some information. What's Martin going to spring? It's got to be good because the Grand Jury is rushing the trial for next week. Something tells me the good citizens in this town are pretty tired of his murdering."

"Now, now," Jane jested. "You, as a police officer, should know you oughtn't to accuse a man without evidence."

"That job was evidence enough for me," Swain growled. "Only his mob kills a guy the way we found the victim." He paused, looked at Jane. "Hey, where you going in such a hurry? I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me?"

"Sorry," Jane applied the final touch of lipstick. "But I'm

combining business with social life. Tonight, I'm dining with Fats at the Blue Penguin." She waved a parting hand at Ed Swain. "See you later."

"Yeah," Swain muttered. "And you will. I'll be at the Blue Penguin, too. I'd love to sock that guy. I just wish they'd give him to me. He'd talk."

But it isn't done that way. Not always. Nor can a guy make promises to himself and keep them all. You see, Ed Swain had forgotten that on this evening, he was to put in two hours at the Auxiliary Fireman school and learn about riding a fire truck. One hour was all he could spare, conscientiously, and he gave it. He was really feeling sorry about losing a ride on the truck when he left the course to hurry to the Blue Penguin.

The night club, privately owned by Martin, was doing a brisk business. Swain glowed as he saw Jane, her arm hooked in Fats' pudgy arm, leave the dance floor. They were heading toward a large, flower-banked table, where some of Fats' friends were being feted. Jane, catching Swain's eye, waved to him, then said something to Fats. The mobster's boisterous laugh resounded through the club.

He was still laughing when Swain came over. Whatever he had heard from Jane, had been told the rest of the table. They, too, were roaring. Martin wiped his fat face. "Ho-ho," he roared, pointing at Swain. "Here comes the fireman!"

He said: "I don't think that's so funny. But maybe you can dress it up for your paper. These guests would make a fine society column." His eyes darted swiftly about the table. There wasn't a man there who hadn't done time.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fats' voice welled up and his slitted eyes bored into Swain. "Never mind the cracks, copper. Nobody invited you." His huge arm went affectionately behind Jane's chair, and Swain writhed. "I got friends on papers," Fats said. "And believe me, you can

tell your pal, the Mayor, that tomorrow the people of this town can start laughing at him, instead of waiting for the trial." His thick lips worked into a smile of a thousand creases of corpulence. "This little lady has persuaded me to let her print my alibi!"

"Your alibi?" Swain echoed weakly. So that was what Fats had been holding up his sleeve! Swain felt disgusted. The Mayor should have figured that out himself. Swain could feel Fats slipping through the law's fingers. Of course the gangster would have a perfect alibi as usual.

"I should have expected it," Swain said, contemptuously. "You were just shooting off, looking for publicity. And the Mayor fell for it." He turned, intending to leave, but bumped into a small, nervous individual who was approaching the table.

It was Maxie Hart, Fats' lawyer. "Hello, Swain!" Maxie said. "Not making a pinch, are you?"

"Not him!" Fats guffawed. "I was just going to tell him that at 9:10, when that murdered man died—just like it said in the papers—Fats Martin was arguing with a fire truck that hit his car." His beady eyes glinted. "Yeah, Swain," Fats jeered. "I was in the neighborhood, okay. But it so happens that my chauffeur hears the fire engine siren and gets flustered. The engine hits my car and goes on. But the cop on the beat makes a note of the time. And I got my dented car, as well as the cop's word, to prove where I was!" He guffawed again, enjoying Swain's consternation. "So I think maybe I'll let this reporter, here, put the heat on the Mayor and you lugs tomorrow."

Swain was still thinking of this when he went outside. He knew Maxie's flare for the sensational, and now Fats had tipped off the lawyer's grandstand play. Swain sighed. There was nothing to do now but check on Fats' alibi, and tell the Commissioner.

At the firehouse, there was a record of the collision. It

had taken place only a few blocks from where the murdered man had been found. The fireman had been called out on a false alarm. Wearily, Swain closed the report, showing the accident at 9:10 P. M. Martin was in the clear.

The night captain looked up from his desk. "What's up, Swain?"

The detective told him. "Yeah," the captain nodded. "I remember. I was right behind the hook and ladder when it hit the car. The truck wasn't going fast and the bell was ringing loud enough, I don't know how it happened to hit."

"The bell!" Swain said. "Did you say the bell was ringing?"

"Sure?" The captain's eyes mocked Swain's. "Say, weren't you paying attention to the lecture tonight? What did we tell you about fire apparatus and the noises they make when going to and from fires?"

Swain snapped his fingers. "Brother," he said, "you don't have to tell me. I've got this memorized forever." He rushed out of the firehouse.

Fats wasn't at the Blue Penguin. No one knew where he had gone. Outside, he stood indecisively plotting his next move. The doorman, who had abandoned his post to call a cab, walked back. There was a newsie with him.

"Know where Fats went?" Swain asked the doorman.

The man grinned. "Now how would I know?" he asked. "Oh, pardon me." He rushed to open the door for a party.

"I saw Fats getting into a cab with a girl and a little guy," a voice said. "The little guy said something about going to his apartment." It was the newsie, an ex-pug.

Fifteen minutes later, he pressed the buzzer on Hart's door. The lawyer occupied a suite in a fashionable apartment house. Swain, leaning against the door, thought he heard the sounds of scuffling. But a moment later, Hart's surprised face appeared. "Swain! What—what do you want? I'm busy."

"So am I," Swain pushed him into the room. "I'm looking for Fats Martin. There's—"

Suddenly, a woman's scream sounded in the dim lit room. Swain went for his gun as he saw a flash of white shirt front detach itself from the shadows. A bullet whistled by him as he heard Hart's frightened cry. "Fats—no!"

Fats' heavy body struck the floor after the impact of Swain's bullet. "Get those lights on, Hart. Fast!" Swain grated. His eyes widened as the room filled with light. Jane Winters, her face white, was rising from the floor, where Fats lay groaning, clutching his shoulder.

Jane ran to Swain. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "They were going to hold me until the trial to keep me from writing the story. Hart and Fats had a fight about it."

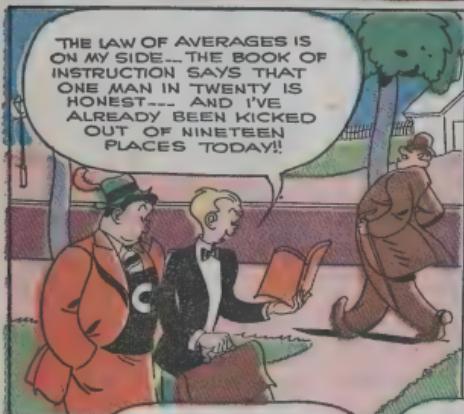
Swain glared at her as he picked up Fats' gun. "I told you to keep out of this kind of business," he said savagely. He motioned to Hart. "Call a doctor," he said. "I'm taking you and Fats in."

Hart had recovered his bravado. "You can't intimidate me, Swain," he said. "Until action is taken, Fats is still my client. And my office will see that he gets off. His alibi is perfect."

Swain wet his lips. "Sure, sure," he said. "And we're going to let Fats tell his story." He grinned at Fats, who was staring at him. "It wasn't a bad alibi, Fats," he said. "Of course, just because the papers said the man was murdered at 9:10 doesn't mean the time was exact. It was approximately that. Might have been five, even ten minutes, one way or another. But you were pretty safe in figuring you could make contact with the fire engines that had responded to your false alarm. Sure enough, you hit the truck at 9:10."

"Sure," Swain said. "But you said you heard the siren! Remember? But you didn't know, Fats, that a fire truck only sounds a siren *going* to a fire? You hit the truck, coming back—and they always ring only the bells on a return trip!"

BUSY BILL the BILL COLLECTOR





FUNNYBOVERS

HAVE YOU GO
ANY NICKLE
ERASERS?

SORRY, SIR —
WE ONLY CARRY
THE RUBBER
KIND!

THIS
STATIONERY
STORE
WILL MOVE
SOON —

YES,
DEAR!
A LETTER JUST
CAME FOR YOU...
IT'S MARKED
PRIVATE AND
PERSONAL!

ALL I DID
WAS TO ASK
HER WHAT IT
SAID.

THE BIG GUY CAN'T READ
AND HE GOT A LOVE LETTER
FROM HIS GAL SO HE'S MAKIN'
THE LITTLE GUY READ IT TO
HIM, BUT KEEP HIS EARS
COVERED SO HE CAN'T
HEAR IT!

CLEVER!

Philip Space Says —
FOLKS USUALLY
GROAN WHEN YA
PULL A PUN 'CAUSE
THEY DIDN'T THINK
OF IT FIRST.

WHAT'S YA
HURRY, TIPSUM?

GOTTA GET THE ARM-
LESS MAN'S AUTO-
GRAPH BEFORE HE
PUTS HIS SOCKS
AND SHOES ON!

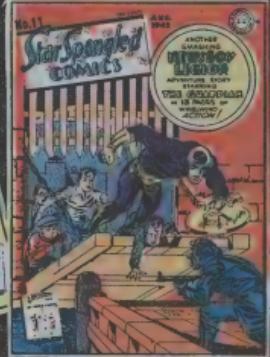
TO THE
CIRCUS

GASKET! YOUR HANDWRITING
IS TERRIBLE! YOU'LL
HAVE TO LEARN TO
WRITE BETTER!

OH, YEAH? —
AND THEN YOU'LL
CATCH WISE I
CAN'T SPELL!



THE
**BIG
EIGHT!**
"TOPS"
IN
MONTHLY COMIC
MAGAZINES



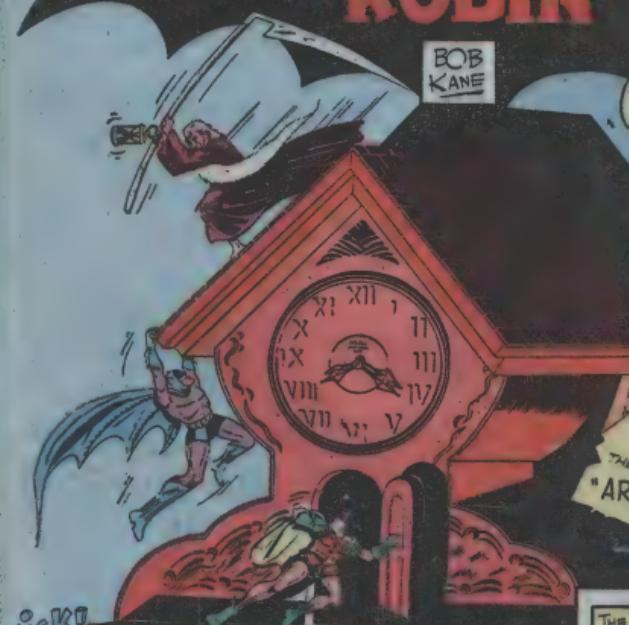
NOW ON SALE
EVERWHERE!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

BOB
KANE



EVERY DAY, DAY IN AND DAY OUT... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, HE'S ON THE JOB. WHO'S THE BATMAN? HE'S ALWAYS THERE... TO HELP, ADVISE, CHAMPION THE WEAK, PUNISH THE WRONG! THIS TALE IS A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BATMAN— HIS BREATH-SNATCHING, HEADLINE-MAKING EXPLOITS, AND, TOO, ALL THOSE MANY PERSONAL INCIDENTS IN HIS DAILY LIFE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD ABOUT... THAT PAINSTAKING ROUTINE, THOSE SCIENTIFIC HABITS THAT GO TO MAKE THE BATMAN ALL HE IS... AND MORE! YES, THIS IS THE STORY... AND THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE NAME FOR IT... "AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE Batman!"

THE GIANT PRESSES ROLL OUT AN EXTRA... FOR THIS IS A NEWS-MAKING DAY IN GOTHAM CITY!!



CHEERS AND CONFETTI ARE SHOWERED ON THE CITY'S CHAMPIONS!

WELCOME
BRAVE

HOORAY
FOR BATMAN
AND ROBIN!

YEA!
YEA!

AT THE CITY HALL, THE MAYOR LAUDS THEIR MAN-HUNTING ACHIEVEMENTS.

NEVER IN HISTORY HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A RECORD AS THIS... 120 ARRESTS... 118 CONVICTIONS... 70 CONFESSIONS...

THE CROWD LISTENS IN AWE AND ALMOST DISBELIEF TO THE LONG LIST OF AMAZING FACTS! A BANKER...

...ENCOUNTERED AND DEFEATED THE JOKER SIX TIMES. THE PENGUIN, ETC. ETC...

I THOUGHT I WAS BUSY WITH MY BANK AND STOCKS, BUT THIS BEATS ME!

AND A CROOK...

THE WAY THAT GUY GETS AROUND TO SHOVE US GUYS IN THE CLINK, HE MUST BE QUADRUPLETS!



EVEN THAT HUSTLING, BUSTLING LITTLE DYNAMO OF ENERGY, THE MAYOR, IS ASTOUNDED!

...JAILED THE SCARECROW... ETC...

WHAT A LIST! I'M GOTHAM CITY'S BUSIEST MAN... RUNNING TO FIRES... BUT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN AND A MERE BOY CAN DO AS MUCH AS THEY DO EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK!



A MONUMENT TO THEIR CEASELESS CRIME CRUSADE IS UNVEILED!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN... FOREVER IN STONE... AND IN OUR HEARTS!



A HOUSEWIFE...

AND I COMPLAIN ABOUT PREPARING MEALS, CLEANING HOUSE, IRONING, GETTING JOHNNY OFF TO SCHOOL!



IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE... BUT LET'S SEE! LET'S TAKE A DAY, ANY DAY... AND SPEND IT WITH THE BATMAN AND SEE HOW IT IS POSSIBLE!



C'MON, KID!
IT'S REVEILLE!
SHAKE THE
DUST OUT OF
YOUR EYES!

BZZ...
YEAH...
SURE...
BZZ...

A BRISK WORKOUT
IN THE GYM ALWAYS
STARTS THE MORNING
RIGHT!

AND SO THE DAY BEGINS!

THEN... A GOOD HEARTY BREAKFAST!

NOW I
FEEL READY
FOR ANYTHING!
WHAT'S FIRST
ON THE
PROGRAM?

I WANT
TO TEST
THAT NEW
WING PLACE-
MENT ON
THE
BATPLANE!

INTO THE AIR AS
THE BATPLANE
SPINS, TURNS,
POWER-DIVES
IN A GRUELING
TEST THAT SOME
DAY MAY SAVE
THEIR LIVES!

THEN... BACK TO THE LABORA-
TORY... FOR ANOTHER TYPE
OF TEST...

FINE! THIS
TEST SHOWS
SHAVINGS OF
IRON METAL
WERE IN 'TRIGGER'
MARION'S POCKET!
THAT PROVES
HIS GUILT!
I'LL NOTIFY
COMMISSIONER
GORDON!

NEXT, DICK DRILLS BRUCE IN
IDENTIFYING WANTED CRIMINALS...
A DAILY ROUTINE THAT PRODUCES
HIS AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY!

"TRIGGER" DALY? NOW
DON'T TELL ME... EYES SMALL,
SHIFTY... NOSE FLAT... THIN
LIPS... SCAR ON LEFT
TEMPLE!

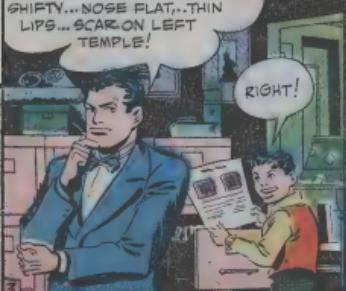
RIGHT!

OUT AGAIN, IN COSTUME...
TO BUY AND HELP SELL
WAR SAVINGS BONDS.

C'MON, FELLOW
AMERICANS...
EVERY BOND
YOU BUY BLUNTS
THE AX OF
THE AXIS!

GIVE ME
A HUNDRED
DOLLARS'
WORTH!

BUY
A BOND
AND BEAT
THE
BUND!



HOME AGAIN... AND HOMEWORK...

OKAY, ROBIN...
DO YOUR LESSONS
AND SOME DAY
YOU MAY BE
PRESIDENT!

YOU'RE GOING TO
WORK ON YOUR
BOOK AGAIN,
EH? WHAT'S
THE TITLE?

"OBSERVATIONS
ON CRIME"!..
A FILE OF MY
CASES WITH
NOTES ON THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL
ASPECTS OF
CRIME!

AND THE
PROCEEDS GO
TO THE RED
CROSS, EH?
SWELL! BUT WHY
THE WORRIED
LOOK?

I'M STUCK!
I CAN'T GET AN
IDEA FOR THE LAST
CHAPTER... AND THE
PUBLISHER'S DEADLINE
IS MONDAY! IF I COULD
ONLY THINK OF
SOMETHING!

NOT A GLIMMER!
WHAT I NEED IS A
CASE TO WRITE
ABOUT. MAYBE
COMMISSIONER GORDON
HAS ONE FOR ME.
COMING, ROBIN?

MINUTES LATER,
AN EERIE
CRAFT STREAKS
FROM A SECRET
HANGAR INTO
THE AFTERNOON
SKY... THE
BATPLANE!

SAY, MAYBE
YOU WON'T
HAVE TO GO TO
GOTHAM CITY
FOR THAT
CASE!

WHY NOT,
ROBIN?

BECAUSE
THERE'S A
ROBBERY
GOING ON
DOWN
THERE!



DOWN SWOOPS
THE BATPLANE
TO HOVER MOTION-
LESS ABOVE
THE BUILDING!

THROUGH THE
JEWELRY STORE
SKYLIGHT CRASH
THE TWIN
CRIME-
CRACKERS!

THE BOSS'LL
GIVE A
BONUS TO THE
GUY THAT
PLUGS EM!

T-THE
BATMAN
AND
ROBIN!

I'VE
SWITCHED ON
THE STABILIZERS,
SO LET'S GO
GET 'EM!

EAGER FINGERS TUG AT
TRIGGERS ... AND FOUR GUNS
BELCH FLAME AND LEAD...

BUT THE ACROBATMAN AND ROBIN
WHIP INTO A SPLIT-INSTANT PLUNGE...

LOW
BRIDGE,
ROBIN!

AND SLAM
INTO THE
MASSED
THUGS!

THE CRACKLE
OF GUNFIRE
IS REPLACED
BY THE
CRACK OF
FISTS AGAINST
BONE!

GOTTA DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT
THIS!

DIA
SA
\$150

DIA
SA
\$150

A SUDDEN PLOP AND...TEAR GAS...

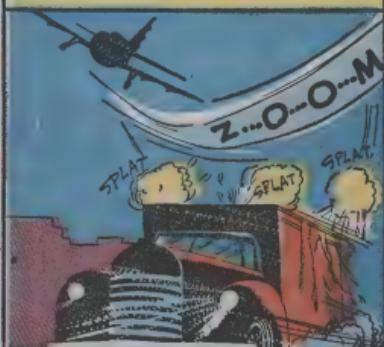


MOTOR ROARING,
THE BATPLANE
POWER-DIVES
AT THE
BANDIT
TRUCK!

OKAY, ROBIN,
LET'S
DIVE-
BOMB
'EM!



AND AS THE BAT-SHAPED CRAFT
PULLS OUT, SMALL HURLED
CAPSULES SPLASH OPEN!



AND SO THE
BANDITS' TRUCK
SPEEDS AWAY...AS
TINY DROPS
OF LIQUID ROLL
OFF ITS SURFACE
AND SPLATTER
THE STREETS!

BUT IN THE BATPLANE...



AND... MIRACLE OF SCIENCE...
SEEN THRU THE INFRA-RED
LINES, THE CHEMICALLY TREAT-
ED LIQUID GROWS WEIRDLY!

PRETTY EASY
TO TRAIL
THEM NOW
WITHOUT THE
BANDITS'
KNOWLEDGE!

SOME TIME LATER, THE TRAIL ENDS
AT AN OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW!

THAT'S THE
TRUCK! THEY
PROBABLY STICK A
SIGN ON IT ON
THE WAY! CALL
THE POLICE
ON OUR RADIO,
ROBIN!

SCULPTURE
EXHIBIT

ART SUPPLIES

FOUR INDIGNANT MEN ARE
TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!

NOTHING IN
THE TRUCK BUT
ART SUPPLIES,
SARGE!

SURE! THAT'S
OUR BUSINESS...
A LEGITIMATE
ONE! WE'RE
NOT
ROBBERS!

THIS IS MR.
HODGE,
THE ART
CONNOISSEUR
HE SAYS
THESE MEN
ARE
OKAY!

YES, WE BUY
MATERIALS FROM THEM
BECAUSE THEIR
PRICES ARE LOW!

IF THE JEWELS AREN'T
IN THE TRUCK, THEY
MUST BE IN THE
SCULPTURE
EXHIBIT!

SOME TIME LATER...
AN OLD COUPLE JOINS
THE SCULPTURE
SHOW'S SPECTATORS!



NOTHING
PHONEY ABOUT
THEM!
MAYBE THIS
ISN'T THE
JEWEL CACHE
AFTER ALL!

YES... THESE
TWO ARE NONE
OTHER THAN
BATMAN AND
ROBIN IN
DISGUISE!

WHAT'S
UP?

WHEN I
STOOD
HERE A
MINUTE AGO,
IT SEEMED
AS IF THE EYES
IN THAT STATUE
LOOKED ALIVE!
THERE! SEE
IT!

THE BATMAN
WATCHES WITH AWE...
FOR THE DEEP EYES
OF THE TITANIC STATUE
BLAZE... WITH AN UN-
EARTHLY HYPNOTIC LIGHT!

THIS PIECE
REPRESENTS AN
INDIAN HYPNOTIST,
AND IT SYMBOLIZES
HIS DEEP HYPNOTIC
EYES!



ABRUPTLY...
DISGUISES
ARE DISCARDED...
AND THE
DYNAMIC DUO
SPRINGS
FORWARD...

B-BATMAN
AND
R-ROBIN!

YES...WE'VE
COME BACK
FOR THE
JEWELS!

YOU...
YOU'LL
NEVER
GET
THEM!

WHAT'LL
YOU
BET?

SUDDENLY LEAD WHINES,
SMACKS INTO
STONE, AND SENDS THE CHIPS BITING
INTO THE DUO'S FACES!

I HAD A
HUNCH WE
SHOULDA COME
BACK! TWO OF
YOU GUYS CLIMB
UP THE LADDER
AND BLAST THE
BATMAN OFF
THERE!

EVEN AS THE
BANDITS SCRAMBLE
UP LADDERS,
THE BATMAN
DIVES FROM HIS
PERCH...

... AND SLAMS INTO A TRIGGER-
MAD THUG!

KEEP
'EM
FLYING!

WHILE YOUNG
ROBIN
TRIES TO
KEEP CRIME
FROM THE
WORLD!

YOU'RE
ONE GUY
WHO HAS
NO PLACE
ON HERE!

THEN...THE
WAIL OF A
POLICE
SIREN!



BUT ALREADY
ROBIN RIDES A
SCAFFOLD
LADDER
THAT
ARCS
DOWN...



...AND SNAKES
THE HOODLUMS
WHILE HE
BREAKS HIS
FALL WITH AN
OLD CIRCUS
STUNT!



THE POLICE TAKE OVER...

OUR SCULPTOR FRIEND
WAS USING THIS SHOW
AS A HIDEOUT
FOR STOLEN GEMS.
HIS MEN POSED
AS ART SUPPLY
DEALERS!

BUT WHERE
ARE THE
GEMS?



HIGH ATOP A SCAFFOLD, THE BATMAN
REACHES INTO THE STONE INDIAN'S
EYES, AND...

THE JEWELS!
WHEN I SAW THE
STATUE'S EYES BLAZE WITH
LIGHT, I REALIZED THEN
THAT ONLY JEWELS HIDDEN
IN THE EYES COULD CAUSE
THAT SPARKLE.. WHEN
THEY WERE STRUCK BY
SUNLIGHT!



GENTLEMEN, THE
SCULPTURE SHOW
IS SPONSORED
BY A CON-
SERVATIVE PATRON.
THIS UNFAVOR-
ABLE PUBLICITY
WOULD PUT US
IN A BAD
LIGHT... HE
MIGHT WITHDRAW
HIS SUPPORT!



DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
SEE THAT
THIS IS
KEPT OUT
OF THE
PAPERS!

LATER, IN THE
BATMOBILE...

WELL, NOW YOU
CAN WRITE THIS
STORY UP FOR THE
LAST CHAPTER
OF YOUR BOOK!

NO, ROBIN...
IT WOULD
HURT THE
HONEST SCULP-
TORS AND THE
SHOW! THEIR
ART MUST BE
PROTECTED!
BUT.. NOW WE'VE
A DATE AT A
HOSPITAL!

DON'T
THINK THE
DAY IS OVER
YET...
THIS
IS ONLY
THE
BEGINNING,
FOLKS...
ONLY
THE
BEGINNING!

AT A HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
WHO ARE VICTIMS OF INFANTILE
PARALYSIS, BATMAN AND ROBIN
PUT ON A SHOW!

GEE! LOOKA
THAT! I
WISH I
COULD DO
THAT!

AFTERWARDS... AUTOGRAPHS FOR ALL!

"TO OUR DEAR
FRIEND, FRANKIE,
SINCERELY,
Batman and Robin."
GEE WHIZ!
GOLLY!



Later... ALMOST NINE O'CLOCK
...AND HOMeward BOUND...

GOSH, I'M
GLAD WE MADE
THESE KIDS
A LITTLE
HAPPY! THEY
SURE ARE A
BRAVE BUNCH,
GRINNING IN
SPITE OF
EVERY THING!

YES, AND IF
PEOPLE CONTINUE
TO GIVE TO
THE MARCH
OF DIMES...
SOME DAY
THESE KIDS
WILL BE ABLE
TO WALK LIKE
OTHER CHILD-
REN!

THEN... STRAIGHT
AHEAD...

SAY, LOOK
AT THAT
CROWD!
WONDER WHAT'S
UP?

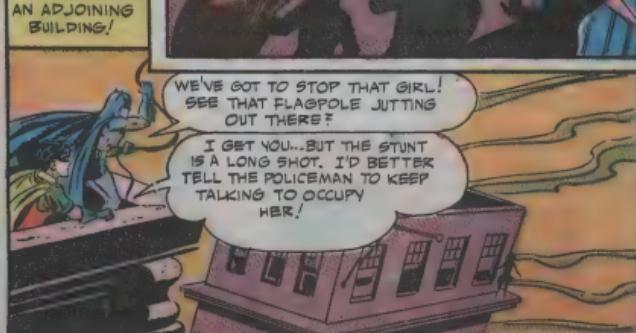
WHAT'S UP?
A WOULD-BE
SUICIDE ON
A HIGH
BUILDING
LEDGE!



A POLICEMAN VAINLY COAXES
THE GIRL TO ABANDON HER
DEATH PLUNGE...

NOW... WHY
DON'T YOU
COME INSIDE?
YOU'LL CATCH
A COLD OUT
THERE!

THE DYNAMIC
DUO RACES TO
THE ROOF OF
AN ADJOINING
BUILDING!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GIRL!
SEE THAT FLAGPOLE JUTTING
OUT THERE?

I GET YOU... BUT THE STUNT
IS A LONG SHOT. I'D BETTER
TELL THE POLICEMAN TO KEEP
TALKING TO OCCUPY
HER!

A LASSO LOOPS INTO PLACE...
AND THE
BATMAN
DEFIES DEATH
TO SAVE A
LIFE!

HERE GOES
NOTHING!



...AND AS THE POLICEMAN HOLDS THE
GIRL'S ATTENTION...

LOOK...WE'VE
GOT A MOVIE STAR
IN HERE WHO
WANTS TO MEET
YOU. HE'S
WAITING!

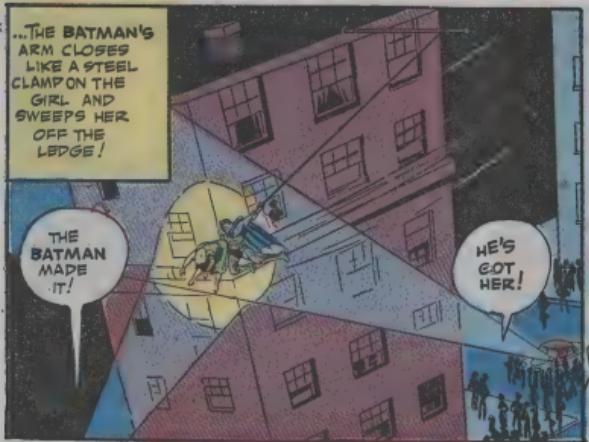
YOU'RE
TRYING TO
TRICK ME!
GET INSIDE
OR I'LL JUMP!



...THE BATMAN'S
ARM CLOSES
LIKE A STEEL
CLAMP ON THE
GIRL AND
SWEEPS HER
OFF THE
LEDGE!

THE
BATMAN
MADE
IT!

HE'S
GOT
HER!



LATER... AFTER THE GIRL RESTS ON SAFE
GROUND...

YOU'RE OKAY
NOW. I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT THINKING
OF TRYING THAT
JUMP
AGAIN!

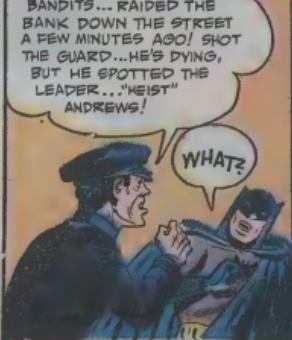
N-NO!...I THINK
I'D RATHER
LIVE! I'D
LIKE TO GO
BACK TO MY
ROOM NOW!



WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES...

BANDITS... RAIDED THE
BANK DOWN THE STREET
A FEW MINUTES AGO! SHOT
THE GUARD...HE'S DYING,
BUT HE SPOTTED THE
LEADER... "HEIST"
ANDREWS!

WHAT?



MAYBE THAT
GIRL WAS
SCARED WHEN
YOU SAVED
HER... BE-
CAUSE SHE
DIDN'T
INTEND
TO JUMP!

PERHAPS IT WAS
AN ACT TO DROWN
THE COPS AWAY
FROM THE
BANK?
"HEIST"
ANDREWS...
HMM?



BACK AT HER ROOM, THE
GIRL RECEIVES A CALL ...

HELLO? OH, IT'S YOU,
"HEIST"... HOW DID IT
GO?

OKAY! YOU
WERE SWELL! WE MADE
A BIG HAUL! I'M
GONNA CUT YOU
IN FOR A BIG
SHARE!

BUT THE CALLER ... IS THE
BATMAN, IMITATING THE
VOICE OF "HEIST"
ANDREWS!

SO SHE
WAS IN
ON IT!
WE'RE AT THE
HIDEOUT! COME
NOW IF YOU
WANT YOUR
SHARE!

...BE
RIGHT
OVER!

SOMETIMES LATER;
THE GIRL'S CAR
SLIDES TO A HALT
BEFORE A RAM-
SHACKLE OLD
BUILDING... BUT
FOLLOWING CLOSE
BEHIND... THE
BATMOBILE!

MARGIE!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN'
HERE?

WHY...YOU
JUST CALLED
ME...YOU TOLD
ME TO
COME OUT!

I NEVER
PHONED! YOU
FOOL ... THIS IS
A TRAP!
HUH?

TOO TRUE,
"HEIST"!
TOO
TRUE!

INTO THE BANDITS' LUNGE THE HARD-HITTING TEAM!

PLUG
'EM!
FEED 'EM
LEAD!

SCREAMING
SLUGS RICOCHET
OFF ROBIN'S
IMPROVISED
SHIELD...

...AND
THE GENT
WINS A
CIGAR!

SORRY, BUT...
THIS IS
WHERE I
DID IN!

PING! PING!

...AND THEN
A SHIELD
BECOMES A
WEAPON!

THE HURRICANE ACTION OF THE
TYPOON TEAM
PANICS THE
HOODLUMS
AND...

MAKE WAY
FOR A GUY
WHAT'S IN
A HURRY!



BUT THE
WORD "ESCAPE"
IS KNOCKED
RIGHT OUT
OF THE THUGS
VOCABULARY!

ASHES
TO
ASHES...



LATER... AT THE JAIL,
A THUG MAKES A
SHAMEFUL PLEA ...



RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU,
PAL!

FROM NOW
ON, "HEIST"—
YOU'RE GOING TO
BE SINGING THE
"PRISONER'S SONG", AND
IT WON'T BE A
SOLO, EITHER!



LOOK! MY MOM'S
PRETTY SICK... SHE
AIN'T WISE I'M A
CROOK... IF SHE
READS ABOUT IT,
THE SHOCK WILL
KILL HER!

ALL RIGHT...
FOR YOUR MOTHER'S
SAKE, WELL
KEEP THIS OUT OF
THE PAPERS.



OH-H-H! THERE
GOES MY LAST
CHAPTER
AGAIN!

STILL LATER... HOME AGAIN FOR THE
CRIME-FIGHTERS...

TOO BAD YOU
CAN'T WRITE THAT
STORY UP! WHAT
ABOUT YOU LAST
CHAPTER NOW?

YOU TELL ME! I'VE
GOT TO WRITE ABOUT
SOMETHING... BUT
WHAT'S...WHAT?

I'VE GOT IT! WHY
DON'T YOU STOP BEING
SO MODEST AND
WRITE ABOUT OUR DAY'S
OUR MORNING WORKOUT,
EXPERIMENTS...
EVERYTHING!

DICK... YOU'RE A
LIFE-SAVER! I
THINK I'LL CALL THE
CHAPTER... "AROUND
THE CLOCK WITH
BATMAN
AND
ROBIN!"

AND SO TO BED!

AND SO ENDS A TYPICAL DAY
WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!...
BUT...SHH! LET'S NOT TALK SO
LOUD, WE MIGHT WAKE THEM! THEY
ARE GETTING A GOOD SLEEP!
DON'T YOU THINK THEY DESERVE IT?

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you

to help your country.
Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, your Uncle Sam would be lending
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Flying" Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
up" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,



THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE AND VICTORY!

PRESENTING the New DAISY DEFENDER

1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER . . . 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

Featuring

- * MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)
- * DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage . . . left and right—for Elevation . . . up or down)
- * AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)
- * FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE
- * LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds)
- * OVAL STOCK — WALNUT FINISH

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON



FREE!

Send post card
for Daisy Air
Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual
of Arms (military drills, com-
mands, shooting positions, etc.)
—both sent FREE. Write now!



Get the Famous **RED RYDER** Saddle CARBINE

LICENSED BY STRANGE PICTURE INC. BY F.P.C.

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Husky Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—RED RYDER'S picture, signature and Horse "Thunder" branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

\$3

ONLY
\$5

Duty added
in Canada

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 9312 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

SUPERSCAN